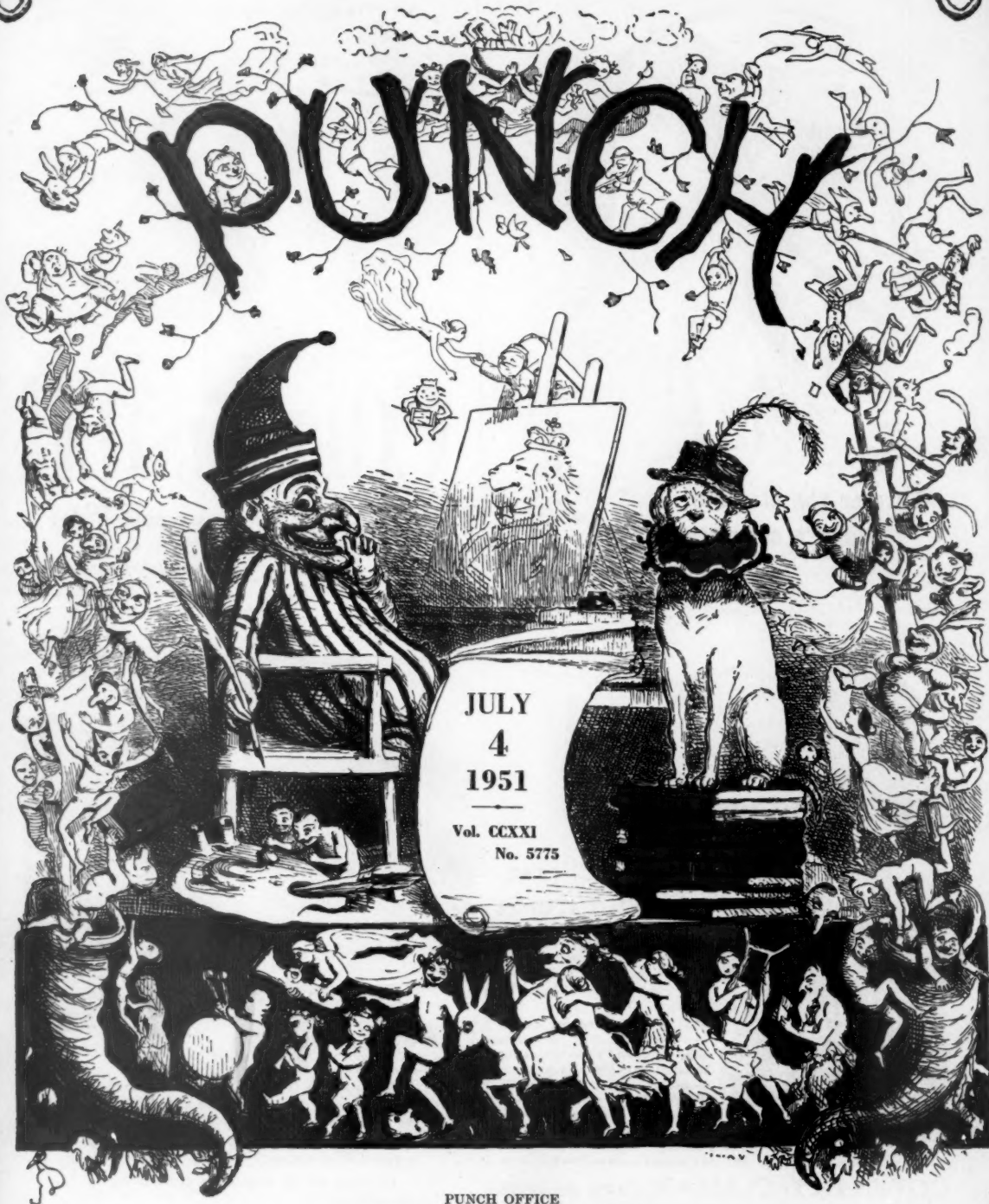


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PUNCH OR THE LONDON CHARIVARI—WEDNESDAY, JULY 4 1951

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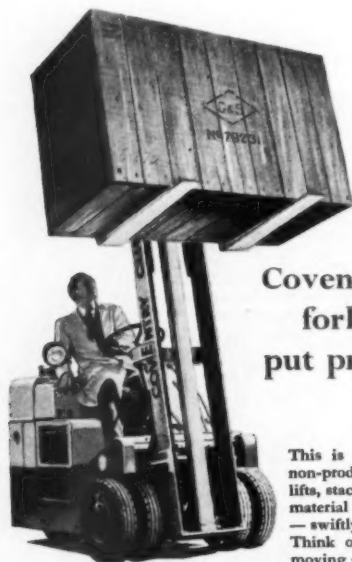
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This is a machine for cutting non-productive time. It carries, lifts, stacks and loads almost any material up to 6,000 lbs. at a time — swiftly, deftly, economically. Think of your present costs in moving and storing; the cost of handling and trundling by old-fashioned methods; and you will see how, with this machine, these non-productive costs may be cut and your output increased — forthwith.

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There's a place for R.G.D. television in your home too! For these receivers add to the joys of life, both by their superb appearance and high performance.

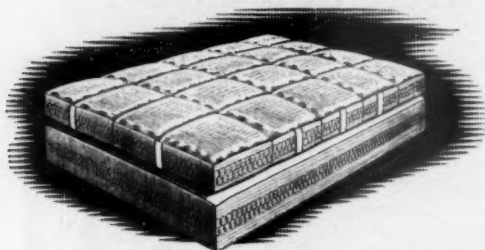
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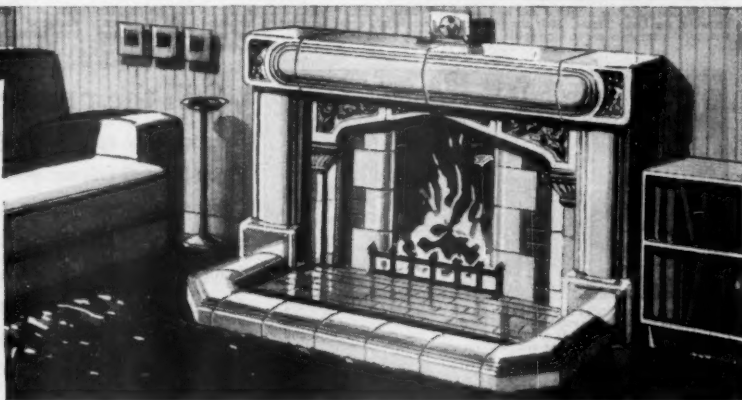
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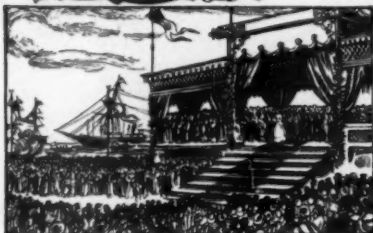
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The Empress Eugénie opens the Suez Canal

AN EPISODE BASED ON HISTORICAL FACT



Port Said in 1869—and the African sun streams down on the brilliant inaugural ceremony at which the Empress Eugénie of France formally opens the Suez Canal, just ten years after the first spadeful of sand was turned.



The next day, 68 vessels under many flags begin the hundred-mile passage from the Mediterranean to the Red Sea. The flotilla is led by the Imperial yacht, the "Aigle," with the Empress on board.



In torrid Egypt, as in Paris, her refreshing toilet water—Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne—brings cool solace.



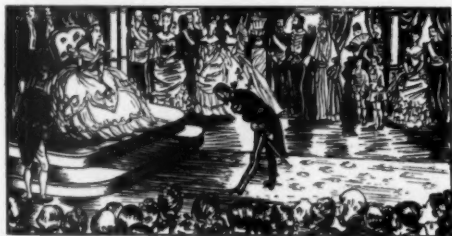
On the first day, the Empress and her attendant convoy reach Ismailia, on Lake Timsa. Half the journey is completed, and the ships' companies are in high spirits.



After a day's halt for celebrations, the journey is resumed, and the next evening the pioneer fleet foregathers in the Bitter Lakes.



Another twenty-four hours brings the vessels to Suez, and the dream of de Lesseps has come true—the neck of Africa has been crossed by ship for the first time.



Throughout the ordeal of the voyage across the desert, which even now can be trying to temper and complexion, the Empress has retained the elegance and charm for which she is renowned; for she has made frequent and lavish use of Jean Marie Farina Eau de Cologne.

Still the premier Cologne . . .

Since its initial success at Napoleon's Court in 1806, Jean Marie Farina has held uninterrupted sway as the world's premier Eau de Cologne; uninterrupted, but not undisputed—for no fewer than 39 lawsuits against imitators have been fought and won by its manufacturers, Roger & Gallet. You cannot be misled if you insist on seeing the name ROGER & GALLET on the label. If you have any difficulty, write to Roger & Gallet (London) Ltd., N.W.2.

Some Royal devotees of Jean Marie Farina

The Emperor NAPOLEON

The Empress JOSEPHINE

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CAROLINE, Queen of Naples

LOUISE, Queen of the Belgians

LOUIS-PHILIPPE I, King of France

ALFONSO XII, King of Spain



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IS MADE

BY

ROGER & GALLET

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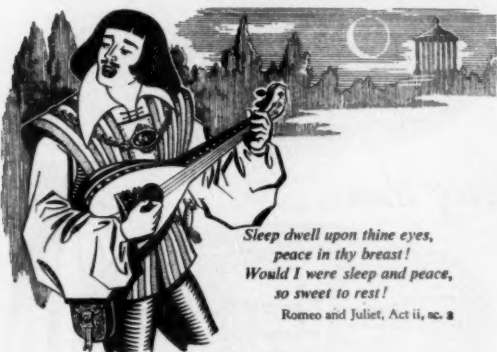
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peace in thy breast!
Would I were sleep and peace,
so sweet to rest!*
Romeo and Juliet, Act ii, sc. 2

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you savour the perfect fulness of
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... a compliment to Good Taste

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for superb gas cooking



...it's a **NEW WORLD** for me!

A wheatsheaf from the grocer's?



... but

Vita-Weat

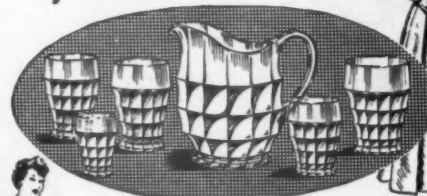
is whole-wheat goodness
in its handiest form!



Delicious, crunchy Vita-Weat adds a new zest to every meal. The compressed essence of the whole sun-ripened wheat grain is in every slice. See how the children enjoy it—a healthy snack, ready in a moment.

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Fashions may come and go, but good design is permanent. That is why the Jacobean pattern is as popular today as it was two hundred years ago. Clayton Mayers' "Jacobean" range of glassware perpetuates the classical design in a wide selection of long life, low cost glassware. Write now for free booklet giving full details.

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Butter Dish

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Mustard Pot 3/6d.

LOWER PANEL

Tumblers 10 oz.-8d.

8 oz.-7d. 6 1/2 oz.-6d.

4 oz.-5 1/2d. 2 oz.-4 1/2d.

Jug 3/6d.

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Write for leaflet on the RED_EX System with Reg Parnell's Report, and the address of your local RED_EX Official Station to...
RED_EX (Dept. 59) 365, CHISWICK HIGH ROAD, LONDON, W.4.



Vichy - Célestins Spa Water is the pleasant table drink which is universally admitted to possess those high therapeutic qualities which are particularly valuable for sufferers from rheumatism and similar ailments, due to over-acidity. Consult your doctor.

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WORLD-FAMOUS FRENCH SPA WATER

Bottled as it flows from the Spring

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THE WORLD'S BUSIEST TYPEWRITER!



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"I always thought there wasn't much difference between tyres."

"Well, as I say, I've been driving a car most of my life, and I'd pick Firestone every time. There's a lot of difference, believe me . . ."

There's a very big difference. Take materials for a start: Firestone buy only materials which have passed the most uncompromising tests in their own laboratories. Only one quality is good enough . . . Firestone quality. Take production: a Firestone tyre at every stage of its manufacture is tested and re-tested by the most critical technicians in the industry. Their standards are simple . . . 100% or nothing. Take finished tyres: what was proved in the factory Firestone's test engineers prove afresh in the field — on every kind of surface Firestone tyres must take the rough with the smooth—that's what Firestone tyres have to face. That is why Firestone produce tyres of such consistently high quality.

Firestone

are such consistently good tyres!



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A tailor has strong views on shirts, for an ill made shirt can spoil the look of a good suit. Therefore we take the business of shirt-making seriously, and our shirts, whether made for you or ready-made, are well-made. A shirt cut for you costs from about 70/- . . . And a very good ready-made shirt is, for instance, our collar-attached cream Taffeta, which looks like an all-wool taffeta but washes like a handkerchief—unshrinkable: guaranteed so: price about 42/-.



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Travellers abroad will find it convenient to take Travellers' Cheques issued by the Bank payable on demand by its correspondents throughout the world. Your bank manager will be pleased to explain.



RUFFORD OLD HALL
(Property of the National Trust)

The house near Ormskirk in which Heskeths have lived since the thirteenth century, was originally built round three sides of a quadrangle, but the West Wing has now disappeared. The Great Hall, which forms the South Wing, is the chief apartment of interest in the building and was constructed in the fifteenth or sixteenth century. Lord Hesketh presented the house to the National Trust in 1936.

MARTINS BANK

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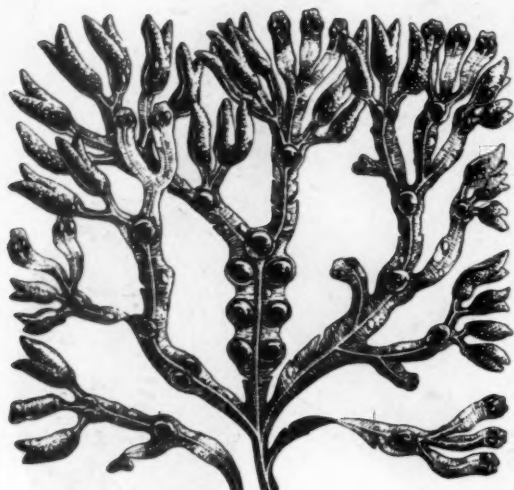


MANCHESTER DISTRICT OFFICE: 43 Spring Gardens, 2

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IODINE



THE element iodine, best-known in the form of the antiseptic solution "tincture of iodine", is found only in combination with other substances. Discovered in 1811, it was later identified as one of the elements by Sir Humphry Davy and by the French scientist Gay-Lussac. Iodine is present in minute quantities in sea water, and is recovered from kelp, the ash of certain kinds of seaweed. Small but valuable quantities of the element are also obtained from brine wells in America and Java, but by far the greater part of the world's supply is extracted from caliche — a natural form of sodium nitrate found in the desert region of Northern Chile. Because iodine is essential to health, it is sometimes added, in the form of potassium iodide, to table salt and animal feeding-stuffs. It is widely used as an antiseptic, and in the treatment of thyroid deficiency. Other iodine compounds play an important part in the sensitising of photographic films and plates, and in chemical analysis.

I.C.I. makes 'Salodine' iodised table salt, and iodised salt licks for livestock. It also uses iodine compounds in the manufacture of certain aniline dyes for the textile industry.



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an occasion...**

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Sale or Hire.



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THE COMPLETE MAN'S STORE

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All Swiss Tickets can now be paid for in Sterling.

Further information from your TRAVEL
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Precise*

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LADY'S SPORTS WATCH
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FULLY JEWELLED SWISS
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GUARANTEED. NON-
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*It looks a good car—
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of Britain
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Whitbread
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WHITBREAD'S PALE ALE
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WHITBREAD & CO. LTD., 27 BRITANNIA STREET, KING'S CROSS, W.C.1



He's quite a good egg really

In the forthright days of our youth, an eye was an eye, and a tooth was a tooth, though sometimes loosened in defending such tenets. Clothes were a habit and shoes were comfortable or consigned to a cupboard. We still keep much of those years within us. We still have our precepts and principles. We know that no man who loves horses can be all bad. We feel that no shoe is worth wearing which hasn't the comfort of a first form friendship. No wonder 300,000 men a year still make firm friends of those comfortable shoes by



IT'S
GOOD!



IT'S
JOLLY
GOOD!



IT'S
MONK & GLASS
CUSTARD



**JELLIES
TOO!**

Monk & Glass Table Jellies have
long been favourites for flavour.



CHAPTER ONE

THIS is our fallow day. We sit and think.
Last night, maybe, we had too much to drink.

But, whether it's the weather or the wine,
The Muses mutiny—yes, all the Nine.
We feel the itch to scribble—nay, to sing:
But can we settle down to anything?
No. And, of course, so dismal is the news
One can't expect much effort from a Muse.
We might begin a masterpiece to-day,
A giant novel or poetic play:
But, by the time the masterpiece is planned,
There may be no more paper in the land.
And when it's done, it may be thought a bore
If atom bombs have fallen just before.
So we will sit and meditate or sleep,
And kid ourselves that we are thinking deep.
Does not Dame Nature think it wise to stop
Before she ventures on another crop?
Nay, there are plants that come to bloom, we hear,
(Like certain writers) every seventh year:
And some fine fellows have contrived to cook
Fat reputations with a single book,
While those who toil for ever at the churn
Men take for granted, or observe and spurn.
So like a field in autumn let us rest
While fertilizers bubble in our breast.
A fair white page. We've written "Chapter One."
There, now, the novel is as good as done.

But two small matters still remain in doubt:
What is its name? And what is it about?

"John is a barrister. And John loves Jane:
And Jane is beautiful—but John is plain.
George was her favourite: but George is dead—
Or so she thinks. So John and Jane get wed.
Then George comes back——" How? Why?

We're in the dark.

"Consider this." Interrogation mark.

Wed, for the present, Jane will have to stay:
It evidently is our fallow day.

Alas, already o'er the fair white page
The tell-tale doodles have begun to rage—
Triangles—rhomboids—circles, now and then—
And crazy faces—are they girls or men?
Why do they all look West—and full of woe?
A psycho-analyst, of course, would know.
Could he explain, we wonder, why we draw
So many barns, enormous, thatched with straw?
Telephone numbers are appearing too,
Queer sums, and notes of things we have to do.
Poor George and John are looking lone and cowed:
And even Jane is lost among the crowd.
Who cares? The blackbird warbles on the bough:
The sun has shone for quite ten minutes now.
The fertilizer's working, we should say:
You'll see the fruits of it—some other day.
But still, before we snooze in the sun—
A fair new page—we've written "Chapter One."

A. P. H.

NEWS FROM HOME

DEAR MRS. TRIP,—Mr. Trip says you are staying another fortnight but worried, will I write and say all is O.K., then you will believe me.

Well Mrs. Trip I am here five mornings a week, one of them an afternoon, and the house is so you could see your face in it and the Britains have taken to keeping something for Mr. T. in the oven most nights, which is better than him not cooking the potatoes so I don't peel them now. I went to the butchers, the girl said you took both lots of coupons, I told her what if she did, she asked you not to send his and anyway she put his in his book as I see for myself, the girl said well then bring book, she is dumb that girl, but now Mr. T. knows for certain he has lost it, he kept finding the old one and the grocer is on us about tea coupons. Mr. T. said to ask Mrs. Chulmley, him having given her 5 days potatoes for hens and her saying anything I can do and him owing the Britains sugar, but when I went across she shouted from bathroom worse than ever, something about Mr. T., so I did not.

I tied the pen on the drawer-knob and Mr. T. answers my notes regular though on the tablecloth, only that corner because of the string, being American cloth I have melted some cleaning it with the stuff my husband bought special thinking I meant cloth cloth. I have seen Mr. T. once, the morning he was late for the office, this was the washing machine. As he said, well we've washed the kitchen floor anyway. The engineer says no one to touch it till he gets round again, which he doesn't know when at this rate, not that we would now because of the coke. He asked did I put Suddo in it so of course I said no, this being the very stuff Mr. T. left on the draining-board and me taking it for a hint about his cuffs. Now we only have to mop a bit up round it every morning. Mr. T. went on putting his washing in the downstairs basket, which I had moved into the dining-room to keep dry, I was looking in the upstairs one, but this morning I have caught up and will take a shirt home, what I put on your hot tank when it was hot but my husband says he can get that out if threads not burnt through.

I stayed home Tuesday, the weather took my feet, and Pussy went next door, now he won't come back and Mr. T. wrote he is he, I tried with fish over the fence but that Mrs. How popped up and said better give us that, now I am buying 1½ lbs. or a rabbit per day. Mr. T. writing very big Get Henry back I leave scullery window open and a bit of the food I cut off, which is why Mr. T. says the house is full of strange cats all night, I see them from the window sitting on the lupins as if they own the place.

There was a burglar scare, the house opposite not the Chulmeys lost an overcoat and Mrs. Britains maid is afraid to go out, she heard someone cough in the garden, so I saw Mrs. Britain and she goes round every afternoon to your French windows to see if anyone has found they have stopped locking. I sent the window-cleaner away for this reason, not saying so of course but he got huffy and remembering last time I tried to

see his name on the barrow but the ladder was over. I did not tell you before Mrs. Trip but the window-cleaner who does the other houses was courting me when I met my husband, that was why I warned you off employing him, now with you away he has taken to putting notes through the front door, I couldn't care less but my husband found one and says next time he will knock his teeth in, which will be Wednesday week.

This reminds me that a man keeps 'phoning you, he will not give his name and does not sound the sort of person you would know. He is not the same as the woman who says she won't leave a message but it's urgent. Another man, very quiet-looking, tried to take the radio away for repair, I rumbled him. Mrs. Coat came round to look at the gutter on the roof from your garden, she went away saying she would see you. Mr. T. said when we were mopping up the floor does your husband buy hay, honestly you would not believe your lovely lawn. Mr. T. says he will have a bash at putting the rose arch up again Saturday but is staying the week-end with the I cannot read the name help help. I am able to get his messages right because of copying them off the table, and now I see fried luncheon meat my foot written tiny, but on second thoughts this would not be a message but his breakfast, like the poetry about making toast, I am sorry I melted that one off.

The milkman left 2 pints for 4 days and I made junket, that was before Mr. T. took to eating with the Britains, now 1 pt. and I keep finding the bill wrapped round but all I can do is put them with my notes, this does not matter like the shop which is C.O.D. £9 13s. 8d. and wouldn't take a cheque even when Mr. T. got round to writing it. I get paid and for the bits I buy as the tobacconist is very obliging about cheques, Mr. T. said bring back cigs to show gratitude but the tobacconist says they are mounting up rather much and not his policy.

The saucepan rack fell down, I got it back and put a note on which Mr. T. can't have seen, that I think accounts for those nice little striped jars, two and a lid. Well, Mrs. Trip I hope you are having a real rest. Now the children are away at school is the chance.

Yours faithfully,

E. WATSON

P.S.—Mr. Trip said he would tell you himself about the curtains being dyed. I see in the local paper the man got 15 months.

ANDE

BOOK COOKERY

TIME was when no reader would brook An abridger or bookery-cook.

Now we scarce can digest

A Digest compressed

From the Book of the Film of the Book.





"... and I warn America ..."

TWO'S COMPANY

I LIFTED the receiver and dialled.

There was a crackle... *burrr* ... *click* ... *pusshk* ... and a man's voice said: "Why do you want a monkey?"

"I beg your pardon?" I said.

"Who's that?" a woman asked.

"Is that Gerrard 49381?" I asked.

"What?" That was the man.

"What?" The woman's voice followed. "Are you there, Alfred?"

"Yes," he said. "Someone's on the line."

"Alfred," I said, "are you Gerrard 49381?"

"What?" he said.

I hung up.

Then I lit a cigarette and tried again.

This time the woman spoke first.

"Of course I don't want a monkey," she said.

"Then why did you suggest it?" asked Alfred. "Really, Mabel, you are the limit."

"Mabel," I said, "are you Gerrard 49381?"

"It's that woman again," said Alfred. "Will you please get off the line?"

"We are holding," Mabel added haughtily, "a private conversation."

"You're not, you know," I pointed out, quite amiably. "And, anyway, why should I get off the line? Why don't you get off my line?"

"It's *our* line," said Alfred.

"Splendid," I said. "That's democracy for you. Now, is either of you Gerrard 49381?"

"What?" They spoke together.

"I am trying," I said, "to get Gerrard 49381."

"Then why on earth don't you dial properly," said Alfred irritably. "You women are all the same."

"What do you mean?" I asked coldly.

"I like that!" exclaimed Mabel.

Alfred had done for himself. Mabel and I were on the same side now.

"Asking for a monkey," muttered Alfred.

"It was a joke," said Mabel loudly. "It was supposed to be funny. You were supposed to laugh. Like this: Ha ha ha."

"All right. Ha ha ha," said Alfred.

"Funny, aren't you?" said Mabel.

"You're the funny one," said Alfred.

"I've got a sense of humour, anyway," said Mabel.

"That's what you think," said Alfred.

"Well, I go around with you, don't I?" said Mabel.

I cut in.

"Why," I asked, "do you want a monkey?"

"I don't!" cried Mabel. "I don't want a monkey. It's my birthday, see, and Alfred says to me what do you want for your birthday? You can have anything you like, honey ('honey,' he calls me—thinks he's Gary Cooper), anything at all. What, I says, anything? A pearl necklace or a motor boat or a monkey? It's a joke, see? It's funny."

"Ha ha ha," said Alfred.

"That's the trouble with men,"

I said. "No sense of humour. How long have you known him?"

"Three years," said Mabel. "Steady."

"What does he look like?"

"Well," said Mabel, "he's quite short, with freckles, and his eyes are a bit small."

"Hey!" said Alfred.

"Well, they are," said Mabel.

"When Mum's on at me about you she always drags in your eyes."

"I can't help my eyes!"

"And his hair's going a bit thin," said Mabel.

"That's right," said Alfred bitterly. "Pull me to pieces. You're no Betty Grable, but it never made any difference to me. Here's your birthday and I'm giving you anything you want and you go on and on—"

"Oh, do you mean it, Alfred?" Mabel cried. "Can I really?"

"'Course you can."

"Anything?"

"Anything."

"Oh, Alfred!"

"Honey!"

"He'll be quite bald," I said, "in a few years."

"You keep out of this," shrieked Mabel. "What's it got to do with you? Who are you anyway? Why don't you get off the line?"

"Yes," roared Alfred. "Get off the line."

I hung up.

MARJORIE RIDDELL

THE TREASURE-SEEKER

I HUNT for buried treasure
Beside the trodden way;
This is my form of pleasure,
And thus I spend my day.

I dig along the ditches
(The ground is not so hard);
And there I seek the riches
That others disregard.

The dandelions are flowering,
The banks are very steep;
The smell is overpowering,
The water two feet deep.

The waves are my invaders,
For when the surface rocks
They overtop my waders
And flow into my socks.

Yet with my little trowel,
That is twelve ages old,
The banks I disembowel
To find the hidden gold.

Fortune may never find me;
Yet glorious is the hunt,
With water weeds behind me
And water weeds in front.

Firing I have not any,
Nor aught but rags to wear,
Yet once I found a penny,
Which shows the stuff is there.

And so I track the quarry
In my mysterious mode,
While many a laughing lorry
Goes by along the road.

R. P. LISTER



SORRY, NO CROQUET

BUDGE PATTY (U.S.) served to D. A. Lurie (S.A.) and another Wimbledon had begun.

The first Wimbledon champion seems to have been Ceawlin (Wessex), who defeated Æthelbert (Kent) there in A.D. 568. However, the championship proper started in 1877, when Spencer W. Gore won out from a field of twenty-two, which makes one wonder if they hadn't come there to play cricket.



Sven Davidsson (Sweden)

Lawn-tennis was, after all, only three years old at the time. It was in 1874 that Major Walter Wingfield adapted the ancient game of tennis to a lawn marked out like an hour-glass and, for reasons best known to himself, called the result "Sphairistikie." Wimbledon's All-England Croquet Club was interested. It re-named the game "lawn-tennis," and laid down a few courts as cunning bait to attract new members, the treasurer of that time having reported gloomily on club finances, as treasurers do.

For thirty whole incredible years the men's title remained at home, and it wasn't really until after the first war that we began to export it regularly. Since then F. J. Perry has been our only winner, bringing off the hat-trick in the years 1934-5-6. In 1934 G.B. took a special bow when Miss Dorothy Round completed the double by winning the women's singles on our behalf.

Including the Centre Court, which is like a tiny Twickenham, and which looks as if it would be

ideal for seven-a-side, there are sixteen grass-courts at Wimbledon, so that there can be quite a lot of tennis going on at once—so much, in fact, that one can miss a good deal of it while rushing anxiously from one court to another in case there is something better going on there. There are also a number of hard-courts, which do not count. But we look in vain for a croquet-lawn. However, it is still the All-England Lawn Tennis and Croquet Club.

The lesser performers are banished to the outlying courts, where they have to get along with very few spectators and comparatively little service, but they probably prefer it that way. If you are cast for the Centre Court, you have a staff of nineteen to help you play your match, the majority being line-watchers, each of whom concentrates a hawklike and unswerving glare on his own particular line. The view they get of the game must be rather episodic, with much left



Budge Patty (U.S.A.)

to conjecture, like watching football through a hole in the fence.

There are also six ball-boys—one to each ball—who play a frantic kind of last-across between first service and second. But the official we like best is the specialist who sits with his finger on one end of the net, to detect a "let" by sense of touch alone.

The players on the far courts do not bring many belongings with them, but those on the Centre Court get together a splendid store, which



Louise Brough (U.S.A.)

they keep under the umpire's chair. Believe it or not, but they even have a couple of door-mats. They sort through their luggage every time they change ends, but in fairness to the Wimbledon personnel we must say they always seem to find everything still there.

The Centre Court is a Mecca hardly easier to get into as a spectator than as a player. You have only to read the increasingly imploring and desperate appeals for seats that precede the magic fortnight in the "Personal" Columns to appreciate that. And once you have got your seat and are safely in it, you have a strong instinct to camp down there for the rest of the fortnight, and have your meals sent up to you. But the other fifteen courts call you.

Before setting out for them, it is as well to take your bearings from the high gallery encircling the Centre Court, from which you get a bird's-eye view of nearly all the games in



Mrs. du Pont (U.S.A.)

progress. The tall, green hedges separating the courts make Wimbledon look rather like the maze at Hampton Court, a resemblance that is heightened when you make for, say, Court 14 and find yourself firmly established alongside Court 6. The onlooker who sees most of the game is the one who doesn't watch any tennis at all but elects to remain at the nerve-centre by the buffet, where electric score-boards repeat the current situations on the Centre Court and Court 1, and news from the outposts is displayed on an indicator like the one at Waterloo that tells you which platform your train has just left. This thronged and milling arena, we decide, must be the most international zone in the world, not even excluding Lake Success. Everybody we bump into apologizes in a different tongue, and seems surprised when we apologize back in plain English.

We note that when a player is the favourite in one sense his opponent is the favourite in the other. The less-fancied performer can always count on Wimbledon's vehement support. He does not even have to do his own groaning when he mis-hits.



Eric Sturges (South Africa)

The men have their fling on the opening-day, which is an all-male affair, and after that comes the fashion-show, unless the rain happens to get there first. For, although Wimbledon is essentially a place of sunshine and brightness, it has been known to rain there. When that happens, the higher-ranking courts are hastily tucked-up in their

mackintoshes, while the Centre Court goes under canvas in such a large way that it looks as though Bertram Mills has arrived and the big-top is about to go up.

One then parades dismally around the gallery, absurdly looking for just one court where no rain is falling and play is in progress, and then gets back to one's seat and hopefully watches the rain drumming on the big-top and tells the people next to one that it really does seem to be clearing up now. Nobody dreams of giving in and



Frank Sedgman (Australia)

going home. Most of the crowd have parked their cars at anything up to five shillings and mean to get their money's-worth on *that* anyway.

The moment the rain ceases, we regret to say, those present start giving the slow-clap to those not present. More sincere applause greets an inspection-committee of impressive strength. But the cheer of the day is reserved for the twelve good men and true (or so they seem to us) who strike the big-top and let in the players.

We try to make a study of off-court fashions in hats, for which we have been told to keep a special look-out. We would venture the opinion that the prevailing mood is white. The actual constructions vary, and escape us anyway. We do, however, notice with pleasure one contraption like a lobster-pot, carried out in greenish wickerwork.

On the courts there seems little justification for the expectations that have been roused by



Nancy Chaffee (U.S.A.)

announcements of dress-intentions. The ladies, we think, look simple, decorous, and very nice. That, however, is doubtless just the unperceptive male's view, and we apologize if it gives offence to the ladies concerned.

The men look even simpler in vests, rowing-trunks and crew-cuts.

And so the meeting goes on, to the delight of all true *aficionados*. Our impressions? It is wonderful to watch the champions show us how it is done, and even more wonderful to watch them serve an occasional double-fault or net an overhead smash. The best players at Wimbledon are undoubtedly the spectators who click critical tongues and explain to one another how *they* would have dealt with that ace. And Wimbledon remains more than just a facet of the English summer—it remains Wimbledon.

COLIN HOWARD



Pat Ward (Gt. Britain)



Mad, Bad and Dangerous to Know
Barbara Beauréval—AVA GARDNER

[My Forbidden Past

AT THE PICTURES

My Forbidden Past—Whirlpool



It's a thin week for new pictures; we will go back to one of last week's offerings, the first run of which is now over. *My Forbidden Past* (Director: ROBERT STEVENSON) is in essence an artificial, mannered, slightly stuffy piece about New Orleans in the 'nineties, but certain things surprisingly save it from being ordinary. It conforms to box-office pattern in making a heroine of a proud and wicked beauty, and its ending is a meaningless rounding-off to satisfy the people who are willing to accept any kind of rounding-off, however meaningless or unjustified, so long as it is vaguely "happy" for the characters in whom their sympathetic interest has been aroused; but it has charming and unusual scenes, and its personages, though most of them are built to a familiar pattern, are quite often given dialogue with a touch of wit in it. It concerns the daughter—or was it the grand-daughter? (AVA GARDNER)—of somebody solemnly referred to as "a notorious woman," dead before the film opens. She now lives with one of those stock Fine Old Families of which films are so fond, consisting of a stern and snobbish mother (LUCILE WATSON) and a "worthless" middle-aged philandering son (MELVYN DOUGLAS) who is the girl's cousin. They spend

their time in making her feel her position, harping on the probability that she will do something to dishonour theirs; no wonder she sneaks away for assignations with the young college professor (ROBERT MITCHUM) of whom they disapprove. Well, he goes away and comes back with a wife; that tears it. The unscrupulous beauty, now made independent by a legacy, pays her cousin to charm the wife away . . . There's no room for all the details of the plot; as I say, even the film itself has to cut it off hastily with a silly ending. But among the incidental scenes and characters (the decorative details of life in old New Orleans, the Negro singing as he locks up at night, the seller of little skeletons, the crippled boy with candles in the graveyard, the buying of a horse), and sometimes in the dialogue, there are excellent things.

Whirlpool (Director: OTTO PREMINGER) is a new one, but has not had a very enthusiastic press. To be sure, its story—one of those uneasy affairs involving the suggestion that a murder has been committed under hypnosis—is not exactly a slice of life, and it contains more psychiatrists (one) than most filmgoers are now supposed to consider acceptable; nevertheless it is put together with a skill and

absence of strain not often found in such things. Mr. PREMINGER has freshened stock types of story before, and here he has an unusually interesting cast, including JOSE FERRER as what is customarily summed up as "a charlatan"—a hypnotist and astrologer of inconceivable influence who is ready to go to fantastic lengths to mislead the police about a murder. The psychiatrist concerned is the husband of the beautiful kleptomaniac (GENE TIERNEY) on whom the Charlatan chooses to exercise his tortuous wiles; and if you can't believe that he could really hypnotize himself—in a mirror, for goodness' sake—so that he could get up just after a severe operation and go out to make some necessary adjustments to his alibi, you can at least believe in CHARLES BICKFORD as the gloomy, lonely detective. The whole thing is nonsense, of course, but it's done with imagination.

* * * * *

Survey

(Dates in brackets refer to *Punch* reviews)

Don't miss *Four in a Jeep* (20/6/51). Also in London: *White Corridors* (27/6/51) is a good gentle picture, and *Ace in the Hole* (27/6/51) a good bitter one.

Releases offer nothing much. *Bright Leaf* (4/10/50) and *Sirocco* (13/6/51) are entertaining melodramas, and *Call Me Mister* is a conventional Betty Grable musical.

RICHARD MALLETT



[Whirlpool

No Exit for Miss Sutton
Ann Sutton—GENE TIERNEY

SNAX AT JAX

II

"I 'AD it lovely yesterday," said the clinker lorry driver, with some satisfaction.

"Go on?" suggested the railway vanman.

Four-thirty is a busy time at Jax Snax, though it empties at ten to five when they begin to report back with their vans.

"You want it a bit damp on this clinker lark," the clinker man went on. "Keeps the dust down. Nice and showery. To-day, though, it was too dry. Down at Eggshott I was."

"Bit difficult to get to, though, there; isn't it, then?" asked the railway driver.

"Yerss," said the clinker lorry driver. "Got-to-go-half-way-round-the-world pattern. First day there I didn't get back till gone six and the old man says 'What's this, then?' he says, 'Slipping, are you?' 'No,' I says, 'Am-flaming-nesia.'"

The railway vanman sipped quietly and thoughtfully at his tea. "You go down there reg'lar, then?" he asked.

"Only since Sat'd'y," said the clinker man, "being as I was delivering it for a drive. Five-eighths of a mile of it, he told me. Last lot to-day."

"My brother was near there for a bit," said the railway man. "Bagley. On that canal."

The clinker lorry driver munched away at the fringe of a cheese cake. "What he wanted clinker for, for a drive," he said glumly, "I really don't know. It's 'orrible really," he added. "Treads everywhere and dusty in summer. If you want it done cheap, though; well." He reverted to the cheese cake.

"On the lock there, he was," said the railway man reminiscently, after a time. "Turned it in, though. Too much 'eavy lifting." He stood up for a brief de-crumbing, and resumed his stool heavily. "All that drive, though," he reflected. "What'd he want with cinder on it if it's like you make out?"

"Case of 'ave to," said the driver, "with the price of anything else. Barring not 'aving it done at all.

But no clinker round my stately 'ome, thank you very much all the same."

"It's all stately 'omes down that way," nodded the railway vanman. "Not a bit lively. That's one reason he gave it up. That, and the other, of course." They relapsed into contemplation, jarred only by the sound of furious cup clanking by Jack.

As soon as a man had gone out he came over, and nodded his compliments. "Fred; Bert."

"What's up, then?" asked the clinker lorry man.

"He come in at four," said Jack with some heat, nodding in the direction of the door, "with a sandwich, and 'as a cup from Else. Minute or so after, he says does she mind filling it up properly. Course, being new, she does, but she tells me she could 've sworn he had some. Then 'e drinks a bit and says there's not the usual amount of milk. So she fills up with milk. Nigh on two cups for the price of one."

The clinker lorry driver shook his head. "If 'e goes the rounds doing that," he said, "'is stomach'll turn to leather a bit sharp."

"That was another thing," said

the railway vanman, harking back. "Stomach. Nothing much doing most of the time; a sedative life, as they say. And then the 'eavy lifting all of a sudden when a barge come."

"This your brother?" asked Jack, in seeming recognition, but moving firmly away none the less.

"Yes," called the vanman. "Fred was saying 'e was Eggshott way, near where 'e was. 'E shouldn't 'ave given it up, really, not without more of a struggle."

"Well," said the clinker lorry man, clearing up perfunctorily, "I'm on locally to-morrow. The country runs are all right, but you can 'ave too much of a good thing."

The railway vanman de-crumbed himself again, with some care. "I can see 'is point, though," he said thoughtfully, "when the barges come."

"Mrs. Joan Smith, who sent her five-year-old daughter Rosalyn to Holly Bush Vale, said: 'She is happy. Now I am going to put down my three younger children.'"

"News Chronicle"

Do the police know?



THE ONLY CHILD

THERE are some memories which, though expendable, never get spent, and amongst these I would number Uncle Norman. I would willingly swap him for a fevered discovery of *Tom Jones* in an attic or a glimpse of my great-grandmother in her lace cap and gown of pale mauve silk; but I didn't discover *Tom Jones* until I was nearly twenty, and my great-grandmother died before I was born, and Uncle Norman has been with me so long that I believe I am growing attached to him. He even seems to be acquiring a late, elusive charm, as across the years a misty sadness softens the edges of his gruesome personality.

He wasn't an uncle of course, and one never thought of him as an uncle, but only as Unclenorman—the man with the purplish face and the navy-blue suit and the habit of living during only two weeks of the year; for he died annually at the end of the third week in August, in the melancholy bustle of packing up to go home. Fifty weeks later we would rush down to see if the crab we had put in the pool by the jetty was still there; but it never was, and neither was the pool or anything else except the sand dunes—and Unclenorman.

I don't think anyone knew where he came from, not even my Aunt Clara who was generally felt to be responsible for him. She was a widow with three children, and almost a real aunt since her children were our cousins—a woman whose

high spirits might have bordered on the fast, or even the faintly raffish, had not her mother, our Great-aunt Susan, survived to steer her through the dangerous years between twenty-seven and fifty-seven. Her precise relationship with Unclenorman is at this distance a little difficult to define. I believe it was no more than the seaside camaraderie of dwellers in adjacent boarding-houses, and I remember that Aunt Clara bore the recurring coincidence of their summer holidays with that gay stoicism which most of her dealings with her mother seemed to call forth. The nearest we ever came to discussing the relationship was during one of the daily picnics when my youngest sister remarked: "Is Aunt Clara going to marry Unclenorman?" and was sternly rebuked by Great-aunt Susan, who, after a fair amount of heavy breathing, managed to utter the opinion that "it was a nasty rude thing for a little girl to say."

One of the charms of childhood memories is their dream-like air of inconsequence and improbability. Thus, while there were never fewer than a dozen children at those picnics, the only grown-ups who seem to have been present were Aunt Clara, her sister Auntie George, Great-aunt Susan and Unclenorman. One hopes now that the other parents helped at least with the cutting of the sandwiches; then, the thought simply did not occur. The arrangement had the inevitability of fact; it was, in Aunt Clara's words, "a matter of what you were used to." Indeed it may even have possessed an element of suitability. Aunt Clara was a born picnicker who could deal equally cheerfully with wasps in the jam and sand in the cake. She, I think, did all the work, but the others had their rôles. Great-aunt Susan's was largely static and monumental, symbolizing the triumph of mind over matter. A heavily built old lady, she had first to be hauled over the sandhills in a manner that recalled the building of the Pyramids, and then shored up and cushioned to prevent her rolling off.

Auntie George, a younger, clumsier, more sensitive, and somewhat masculine edition of Aunt Clara, performed the delicate task of chaperone when Great-aunt Susan according to custom "dozed off," at which juncture one of the sisters would turn to the other and say "Isn't mother wonderful?" and they would nod at each other; whilst Unclenorman darted a look at the old lady from his close-set, pale blue eyes, and almost audibly refrained from comment.

Unclenorman's rôle was of course to supply that touch of maleness which Aunt Clara openly, and Great-aunt Susan secretly, found agreeable. This he did chiefly by doing nothing, by eating a great deal, and, during warm weather, by composing himself to sleep with a newspaper over his face—a habit which Great-aunt Susan, if she happened to be conscious, characterized as "vulgar."

It was after tea that Unclenorman habitually came to what may be described as himself. As the horrid remainders were being gathered together and the sandy tea cups scratchily telescoped into each other, he would remove his black shoes and his thick woollen socks and expose his misshapen feet to our morbid gaze. Then he got up and led the way down to the stretch of lank brown sand which had been left by the receding tide. Here cricket stumps were set up.

Unclenorman appointed himself captain of one side and my six-year-old Cousin Herbert the captain of the other. This arrangement had certain advantages, amongst which was Herbert's slowness in making up his mind whom to choose and Unclenorman's rapid selection of all the more able-bodied players. Aunt Clara and Auntie George came down when they had finished packing up the tea things and hoisting Great-aunt Susan into a position of vantage, and by custom they were attached to Cousin Herbert's side which was always two or three short.

Unclenorman always won the toss and always elected to field. He





himself bowled throughout from the windier end and imperfectly contained his impatience whilst one of us bowled from the other. Cousin Herbert's side was usually routed within the half hour, either by the comparatively fair means of Uncle-norman's ferocious bowling, or by simple propaganda assaults upon its captain, in some such form as "What about declaring, Herbert?"

Owing to the presence on his own side of all the over-arm bowlers I can only remember Unclenorman being bowled out once, and that was

by one of Auntie George's sneakers. Otherwise Unclenorman always "carried his bat," and it seems that only his appetite for runs, which caused him to run the rest of his side out, ever got us to bed before the sun's rim dipped beneath the western wave.

Childhood is always reflective and hardly ever vocal, but one evening as we wended our way back to the boarding-house I must have

asked Aunt Clara about this addiction of Unclenorman's to the game. She looked at the traipsing brown legs which preceded us along the sandy road; then she turned to me with her warm smile. "I don't really know, dear," she said: "but we must remember that he was an only child."



"Ah, now that's the first serious attempt to offset the new rise in fares."

FESTIVAL FRAGMENTS

III

GUIDE. I wonder if it would have been better to take a waterbus instead of hiring our own boat to Battersea. Fore! We nearly had our bowsprit in his chain-locker that time.

JOCK PARCUTT. It is much more instructive to participate in the Thames traffic than to be just spectators.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Aren't we going the wrong way?

GUIDE. These Festival Gardens are supposed to be upstream, and if you watch that bit of paper you can see the stream is moving in the same direction as the boat.

LUKE DOOM. Whatever people may say against St. Paul's, it's not skimpy.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Look, Tower Bridge! When it opens I always feel that someone has put a penny in the slot.

JOCK PARCUTT. Isn't it usual to hug one shore or the other? Surely the Boat Race crews usually do.

GUIDE. This is known as "tacking."

JUNIOR PARCUTT. A term of no mean etymological interest. It appears . . .

JOCK PARCUTT. Relax, child, relax. I hope you will not try to retain your gravity even on the Big Dipper.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. Were I not to retain my gravity I might sustain a fracture, haw, haw!

JABEZ CROOMB. He's even worse when he's waggish.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. The landscape has a grim, used look that makes it increasingly improbable that our eyes will suddenly be delighted by Organized Fun. Also, that piece of paper is now moving the other way.

GUIDE. Well, what's a helm for if not for second thoughts. Sorry!

RIVAL SKIPPER. Landlubbers, may ye be belayed by mad sea-cooks. Passing on the wrong side, indeed! We don't want any Highway Code here.

GUIDE. We take your chaff in good part. Why, here is the Exhibition again.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. O Brave New World!

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. I must admit that seen from the river it is as pleasant a sight as one could wish for. It's the kind of thing that one usually meets only after a long train journey and several sets of Customs.

LUKE DOOM. It seems likely to fasten a reputation for frivolity upon the country; about time, too.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. I, for one, deprecate the gaiety of the setting, which might distract attention from the solid content of the displays. It would be possible to spend a day on the site without learning anything at all.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. Ideal!

JOCK PARCUTT. Guide, there is no need to confine your attention to sailing. Surely you could at least point out the Houses of Parliament.

GUIDE. If I point out anything, it will be County Hall. In cast of mind I am much more a Rate-payer than a Tax-payer. I may be un-English but I dearly love an Alderman, much better than a Lord.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Your Confessions have distracted your attention from New Scotland Yard, Westminster Bridge and Lambeth Palace. Haven't you a guidebook?

GUIDE. Only a thing called *La Vieille Mère Tamise*. The author is mainly interested in fishing.

JABEZ CROOMB. I can help you out a bit. This is Vauxhall Bridge. Its name reminds us of the maddest, merriest area in the London of yore.

GUIDE. I can at least add to that the information that however long you dangled a line over the side you'd end the day troutless.

JUNIOR PARCUTT. Vauxhall Gardens were closed in 1859. Curiously enough, the same year saw the publication of Smiles' *Self-Help*. England was growing up.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. I doubt that. It was merely entering the priggery of adolescence. This Festival marks our coming of age. It is a great step when one ceases to be ashamed of enjoying life.

LUKE DOOM. Battersea Power Station, if I may interrupt, has an architectural look about it, don't you think?

GUIDE. It's one of the landmarks on my sailing instructions. We must be nearly there. I suppose they put the Gardens near it to get first claim on the electricity.

JOCK PARCUTT. I think it was a mistake not to carry on the traditions of Cremorne and have them lit by naphtha flares or, I hasten to add, whatever did light Cremorne.

JABEZ CROOMB. One would have expected the Festival Elders to breed special glow-worms.

MIGNONNE PARCUTT. This gay pier with the trees behind is either the entrance to the Gardens or to something equally worth visiting. Let's disembark.

GUIDE. It certainly seems like it. I hear music, screams and the noise of the populace avid for pleasure.

MRS. CRAB-BROWN. Don't speak slightly of the populace. If you lost your armband you would be part of it yourself.

JABEZ CROOMB. Terra comparatively firma at last. I'm off to try the cocoa.

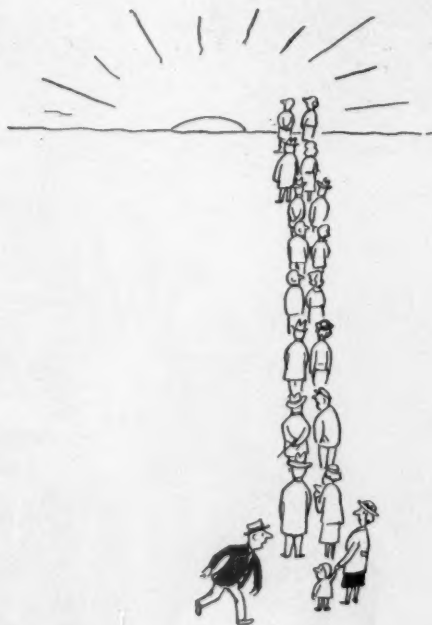
JOCK PARCUTT. In the "Homes and Gardens" Pavilion at the Exhibition I saw what gardens ought to be like. It will be interesting to see whether these live up to the model.

LUKE DOOM. I hear there is a Grotto. I shall go and contemplate in it. Perhaps there will be a hermit to give me tips on meditation.

GUIDE. Frivol, flock, frivol!

FINIS

R. G. G. PRICE



"Is this the queue for watching the sunset?"



HUNDREDS AND THOUSANDS

WHO now remembers it, the Shepherd's Crook,
the glass tube longer than a yard of ale,
coarse, Waterford glass-green, filled with hundreds
and thousands—
the magic wand of the witch from Hansel and Gretel
nailed to the parlour wall by a common nail
hammered home through the blue silk butterfly-wing
bow?

Yes. I remember. I can shut my eyes and look
at the incontestable proof of a fairy tale:
proof visible, tangible, tempting not to taste!
You could buy hundreds and thousands in the village
shop
put up in a twist of paper, a sugar-loaf screw—
entranced, the ha'penny of haste
burning a hole in your palm,
tip-toe to ask,
agog to receive from the widow of Mr. Trask.



The tinkly, sweet-tongued bell,
with the tail that curled
like the tails of the three little pigs, you heard and
did not hear
in that actual, bewitched and commonplace fairy-tale world
called childhood.
There was a smell of new-baked bread,
there were big, bone-handled toothbrushes,
penny stamps
(for grown-ups).
The counter was just above your head,
From the flies dangled sandshoes, and chimneys for lamps:
things which you saw, and did not see.
You waited
for Mrs. Trask to sell you the hundreds and thousands.



You counted them—
tangerine, arsenic green, cobalt,
ultramarine, royal purple, pillar-box red—
as far as you could count. As anticipated
uncountable! Of course; they were hundreds and
thousands!

How could you count them?
In exchange for the dull round ha'penny
you were suddenly, wildly rich.

Who put the millions of hundreds and thousands
inside the Shepherd's Crook?
You knew: the witch!

Hundreds and thousands. Millions of hundreds and
thousands.

And the wand was waved.

We are all of us lost in the wood.

The hundreds and thousands have changed into taxes
and estimates,
and we have grown up with magical speed between
counting the one that was coloured royal purple
and the one that was arsenic green.

And the world has changed. The Widow Trask is dead.
The hundreds and thousands, the millions of hundreds
and thousands
bewitch us still, still hang above our head:
and—but they burn holes in our palms much faster—
we'd rather clutch our ha'pennies instead.

R. C. SCRIVEN





NO NEWS IS BAD NEWS

Reuters' Centenary

IN the days when my French was still up to school cert. standard I found myself in complete agreement with Robert Benchley's analysis of Parisian newspapers. "In reading French newspapers," he wrote in *La Presse Perverse*, "there is always one consolation: no matter how little of the meaning you are able to get, you aren't missing a thing. News is the last thing a French editor worries about." The front pages of the morning papers are occupied by long articles on "Molière during the Middle Period of his Productivity," by strong pleas for the restoration of the Bourbons, by reports of the *Tour de France* and "My Fishing Trip in Newfoundland," while inside "on page 3, all nestled together in little two-line dispatches will be the brief announcements that China is on fire and that a tunnel has been found already built under the English Channel."

Well, the French Press, to its credit, has remained surprisingly constant both in content and format, but I doubt whether Benchley or any other regular reader of newspapers would care to repeat his ridicule. We are no longer so avid for front-page news: twenty years of headlined alarm, panic, peril, pessimism and horror have made most of us think wistfully of the days when news came dropping

slow, dropping with the veils of the morning and the pigeon's wing.

In Britain we have sunk so low in our manic-depressive addiction to front-page gloom that our editors relegate minor disasters—such as Test Match defeats—to the remoter, nether columns, and completely ignore all articles dealing with fishing trips in Newfoundland. In Fleet Street news has to be pretty terrible to merit headlines, and worse than awful to make page one.

Now all this, I admit, is a somewhat churlish introduction to an article dealing avowedly with the centenary of Reuters, the international news agency; it may, however, indicate that what follows by way of wonder and praise is to some extent tempered by the conventional attitude of cynicism with which most readers attempt to preserve their sanity and self-respect. Like everyone else I am a hopeless news-drug addict, but I have my moments of remorse.

Naturally enough the story of Reuters is largely a history of "scoops" or "beats." In 1859 Julius Reuter scooped an advance copy of Louis Napoleon's address to the French legislative assembly and enabled the British papers to issue

"specials" with tidings of war even as the Emperor was speaking. The assassination of President Lincoln gave Reuters another world beat: the news broke in Washington too late for the correspondents to catch the British mailship with their messages, so the Reuter man chased the vessel into the Atlantic in a tug and threw his dispatch aboard. It was thrown overboard at Crookhaven, picked up and telegraphed on the company's private line to Cork and thence to London. Scoop!

In 1900 Reuters scooped the Relief of Mafeking: their man got the message out of the country by bribing an engine-driver to hide it in a sandwich. Eventually, by way of the Eastern Telegraph Company in Portuguese East Africa, the great news reached London, was read by the Lord Mayor from the steps of the Mansion House and in due course



reached the ears of Lord Roberts and his troops in South Africa.

Scoop! Scoop!

During the last war Reuters scooped the bombing of Rome and the destruction of the Japanese Fleet by Admiral Nimitz; they scooped Himmler's attempts to negotiate a surrender behind Hitler's back.

In 1948 they scooped the assassination of Gandhi.

They are still scooping. Every day, in three shifts, the head office in Fleet Street receives hundreds of thousands of words, miles of raw material known as wordage. It is checked, sifted, condensed, processed and sent out again, usually within seconds, by radio and teleprinter to newspaper offices at home and abroad. The total daily output



is about three hundred thousand words of which two hundred and sixty thousand are for export and forty thousand for home consumption. Excluding export rejects.

Not all of these words are such stuff as scoops are made on. As the words flow in they are immediately sieved and classified by the "desks" of "copy-tasters" and only *real* news, hot and momentarily exclusive news, is awarded full marks for scoopability. Top-rating news is labelled "Flash"; second class sensations go "Snap"; and the ordinary day-to-day run-of-the-mill catastrophes and outrages are marked down as low as "Priority." The label "Flash," which is reserved for assassinations (Grade I), wars (world) and cataclysms (major), puts Reuters into a fine old flap. "Snap" and "Priority" news is forgotten for the moment as editors bark out "hold everything" orders to reporters at the ends of the earth, as the files are ransacked and as



re-write men smash away at their machines.

A "Flash" will travel round the globe half a dozen times in a few minutes—often with a Reuters man and a forgotten comma in hot pursuit.

Reuters' home news is piped along teleprinter lines to the newspaper offices, Broadcasting House

("Copyright by Reuter, Press Association, Exchange Telegraph and Central News." Remember?) and other important subscribers. It consists of ordinary and extraordinary news and commercial intelligence, just as the founder planned that it should when he set up his agency in two small back rooms at No. 1 Royal Exchange in 1851. Julius Reuter had been a bank clerk in Cassel, a bookseller in Berlin, a translator to the Havas agency in Paris and a "pigeon-post" news agency man at Aachen



before he decided that London with its gold-paved streets and rich financial markets offered scope for a go-ahead telegraph service.

The London of 1851 was leisurely enough in spite of the Great Exhibition: it had no telephones, no telegraphic links with Australia or the Far East, no cable connections with America. The world at large could be reached only by relays of pigeons and postmen. A golden age, perhaps. Anyway the leisurely Press of the period was far from anxious to avail itself of Julius Reuter's news service. For seven years his agency dealt solely with commercial matters: the messages were brought to him by hand from the Telegraph company, copied out, and delivered on foot to stock-brokers and merchants. It was as simple as that.

Then, in 1858, the *Morning Advertiser* accepted his offer of a fourteen days free trial service of hot news and became the first of his

newspaper customers. He covered Europe and later the Empire with a network of subsidiary agencies; he built telegraph lines, laid cables, achieved scoops, took time by the forelock and made the world shrink.

No doubt the world would have shrunk eventually without the assistance of Julius Reuter, or of Watt, Stephenson, Bell, Edison, Marconi, the Wright Brothers, Ford and others. So Reuter should not be praised or blamed unduly for the concomitant advantages and disadvantages of shrinkage. It wasn't

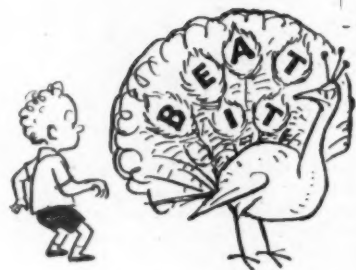
his fault that the world ran short of lebensraum or that the newspapers—with the honourable exception of the French—developed an obsession for front-page gloom.

Reuters is now owned by the newspapers themselves, by the Press of Britain, Australia, New Zealand and India, and it would be most fitting, to my way of thinking, if they would turn over a new front leaf in this year of celebration and accept the fact that bad news is news no longer.

BERNARD HOLLOWOOD



HEP



S1665

"GET Hep," a notice on the door of The Music Mart advised me in alternate black and red letters: "Use a Boppa Tonal Colour Stone Lined Bla-Bla Mute." I took a deep breath and entered the shop. It smelt of drums, and as I eased myself between a 3 oct., c.c. elec. Vibraphone and a dazzling pyramid of Santa Anna piano-accordions (41 treble, 3 voices, 120 bass, aluminium pallette boards, 4 registers on treble grille) two young men with long hair turned from the counter to inspect me. Dancing-girls had been painted on their neckties, and they seemed to be wearing other people's jackets. A solemn old lady assistant with a bun was riffling expertly through a catalogue entitled "New Orleans Style."

I stood politely at the far end of the counter, and taking up a six-months-old issue of *Down Beat*, pretended to read about a gentleman called Jelly Roll Morton.

"Here, friend!" said one of the young men suddenly, "settle an argument. Who took alto in the N' Yorleans Wanderers nineteen twenty-six disc of 'Gatemouth'?"

I started nervously, and the brim of my hat brushed against a Giant Nyfty Cymbal, which hissed like a panther.

"Alto what?" I said.

Their eyes narrowed, and the old lady stuck her pencil through her bun and blinked at me. I selected two or three super, deep cup, cushion rimmed mouthpieces from a cardboard box, and began to examine them, pursing my lips critically.

"Here," said the second young man, "weren't you with Biff Maul at Aldo Holiday Camp year before last—trumpet doubling piano?"

"No," I said casually. I picked up a shop-soiled copy of *Sixty Hot Licks for Clar.*, and read the advertisements on the back.

"Why, man! I know," said the first young man delightedly. "You did vocals and guit. with Buzzer Loftus at the old Melodion."

I shook my head mysteriously. "Tar and Feather Me Blues," I read

musingly. "Royal Tournament Dixieland Shout. Beef Steak Stomp. Coffin Lid Drag, arr. pno. Hm."

The old lady looked along the counter with her finger in the catalogue. "Can I show you anything?" she said.

"Yes, please," I said. "I want a 'Swanee' Plastic Toot-Floot."

In the silence that followed, the two young men pushed back their hats and stopped chewing, and I picked up a hand-made Cuban Wonder maraca and balanced it on the palm of my hand until it fell into a box of nylon drumheads.

"A what?" asked the old lady frigidly.

"A 'Swanee' Plastic Toot-Floot," I said. "For my nephew. You have them in the window."

"We have?"

"Yes," I said. "On a card. Just to the left of the reconditioned single tension tom-toms."

"You're kidding," she said sternly.

"Oh no," I said, and added with a brave smile, "I'm right in the groove."

Nobody else smiled. The old lady made her way incredulously to the window. I la-la'ed the hottest number I could remember ("Betty Co-ed") and the youths, swallowing nervously, moved closer together for protection.

"These?" said the old lady, reappearing with the card of dusty Floots.

"Yes," I said. "I think I'll have a yellow one."

She slid a yellow one from its slot and looked at it suspiciously.

"They seem to be three shillings," she said.

"Well, man alive!" said one young man, wide-eyed. "I call that real cute. Ernie, you could use that in 'Whistle Stop Rag,' for a laugh!"

He slid out a green one and blew down it heartily, making a sound of rushing air.

"Nah, nah," said his friend. "It fingers like a sax."

They experimented for a while, talking excitedly about control of stomach muscles, slap-tonguing, and

over-blowing for upper-register, without producing a single note.

I smiled paternally at them as the old lady gave me my change. "If you'll allow me," I said. "You're blowing down the wrong end."

They passed it over, rather awed, and I played the first two lines of "Three Blind Mice," accurately *ma non troppo*.

"You young people," I said, as I handed it back, "ought to become hep." And pausing only to pop a clear gum into my mouth, I jived out of the shop, clicking my fingers and chewing vigorously.

ALEX ATKINSON

2 2

Strong Language

"The receipt is said to be on a form headed 'National Iranian Oil Company' and bearing a statement on the general lines: 'I, master of tanker — have accepted delivery of — tons of — for delivery to —.'"

"The Times"

BACK ROOM JOYS

Giving large tips

ADMITTEDLY rarely—

When the taxi-driver has been eager and willing
Or the waiter has gone out of his way to please us—
A generous spasm will seize us
And we'll tip them rather more than fairly.
Instead of the appropriate shilling,
The reliable ten per cent plus,
We deal out a florin, we say "Keep the change.
That's O.K."

And pausing, but only for a second,
To garner the thanks and surprise on which we have
reckoned,

Depart on our grand-ducal way.

We like ourselves well for the geste—

A little impulsive perhaps—but of course that is *us*—

Us, at our debonair best,

Liberal, generous, mellow.

We have granted largesse, we have said "For your
pains, my good fellow,"

Not counted the shillings and pence.

However we *have* had the sense

To keep within bounds—

I mean we *have* counted the pounds.

JUSTIN RICHARDSON





Love—With Variations

An Author—MR. MAURICE DENHAM; *Giulia*—MISS BRENDA BRUCE
Mr. Lunn—MR. ALAN MACNAUGHTAN

[Shaw Festival]

AT THE PLAY

Come Live With Me (VAUDEVILLE)—SHAW FESTIVAL (ARTS)



OW Miss DOROTHY CHRISTIE and Mr. CAMPBELL CHRISTIE came to write *Come Live With Me* is a mystery charged with sadness. They are the distinguished authors of that ingenious and amusing thriller, "Grand National Night," and, more important, of "His Excellency," a play that makes exciting drama of current politics and contrives—a feat most difficult in the theatre—to be scrupulously fair to both sides. They have demonstrated beyond doubt that they know the tricks of their trade and can apply them wittily and thoughtfully; yet now—I hate to do so unpleasant a duty—they give us a piece that never leaves the rails of conventional intrigue along which nearly every beginner pointlessly propels what he hopes will prove a vehicle for a star. One is driven to guess that this is an early effort, re-read too rosily.

It is about such fearfully silly people as only satire or roaring farce could have made endurable;

instead we seem to be expected to take them seriously when we are not being asked to laugh at their inanities. There is a foreign prima donna, dispensed to the standard emotional formula, who lives in an archly modern house near the patient Sussex downs and is pursued late in life by her first husband, whom she has carelessly neglected to divorce; and there is her daughter, engaged to a ham-handed Etonian but adored by a ruthless Harrovian Pole, and caught up in blackmail. If the play sets out to do anything, it must be to contrast British with foreign methods of courtship; but this idea breaks down, for apart from a beard which any of us might cultivate in a loose moment, Mr. JACK WATLING's Pole, though a forceful young man, is utterly English. For light relief the authors bring on a music-hall turn of a Polish maid arguing, cogently perhaps for those who know Polish, with a bewildered French chef.

Miss JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS throws stage tantrums skilfully, and

Mr. FRANCIS LISTER does all that can be done for the old faithful. But do generals really wear bowler hats at the seaside?

In the third programme of the Arts Shaw Festival the Christies might find comfort, for it proved again that even great dramatists nod considerably. *Augustus Does His Bit* is a schoolboy's lampoon of military ineptitude, *Annajanska, the Bolshevik Empress*, makes mighty thin fun of Tsarist loyalties, while *The Glimpse of Reality*, though it has better stuff in it, is a mediæval cloak-and-dagger morality. More amusing—though it goes on too long—is *Overruled*, an early venture on to the balcony of "Private Lives" neatly played by Miss VIVIENNE BENNETT, Miss RACHEL GURNEY, Mr. DAVID BIRD and Mr. ALAN MACNAUGHTAN. But the rest of the programme paled beside Mr. ROY RICH's production of *Village Wooing*, which brought beauty and understanding, for the first time in my experience, out of a piece that has always seemed very minor Shaw. Miss BRENDA BRUCE and Mr. MAURICE DENHAM showed us—showed me, at any rate—how wrong was that estimate. Their duet was entirely charming, an analysis of romance that I found oddly touching.

Recommended

A West End theatre must be found for the *Lyric Revue* (Lyric, Hammersmith). The Olivier productions of *Cæsar and Cleopatra* and *Antony and Cleopatra* (St. James's) easily top the Festival offerings in London.

ERIC KEOWN

[*Come Live With Me*

Prima Donna

Maria Kazarez—

MISS JESSIE ROYCE LANDIS

TRAVELLER'S TALE

THE woman garnered the grains of news. "Did you go and see mother at lunch-time as you said you would?"

The man said "Yes."

"And what did she say?"

The man thought for a minute: then he said "I don't think she said anything."

"How long were you with her?" the woman said.

"About an hour."

"And she didn't say anything all that time?"

The man amended his original estimate.

"Perhaps it was only three-quarters of an hour," he said.

"Surely she must have said something even in three-quarters of an hour."

"There wasn't anything special she said. She said something about the Persian business. She asked me what I thought about it."

"And what did you say to that?"

"I said I thought it was a pretty kettle of fish."

"And what did *she* think about it?"

"I don't think she said. There was something about the cost of living mentioned at one stage as well, I remember."

"You mean she said something about the cost of living?"

"No, I said something about the cost of living. To head her off the Persian business."

"What did you say?"

"I said didn't she think it was awful or something."

"And did she?"

"She seemed to. She couldn't very well think otherwise, could she?"

"And that was all you said to each other?"

"I can't think of anything else at the moment."

"I expect in about a week's time," the woman said, "you'll think of some very interesting little item of news, and then you'll tell me."

The man said "Yes, perhaps I shall."

G. A. C. WITHERIDGE

THE NOOK

A NOOK is something concave and recessive
Enclosed in something larger in extent;
Its smallness therefore need not be excessive,
But relative to its environment.

It should be quaint but must not be uncanny;
It has a whimsy snugness that endears.
It must, I think, be larger than a cranny
And capable of holding Donald Peers.

Its moral tone is smug, its aura rosy;
It does far better to be rather old.
It may be shady or it may be cosy,
According as outside is hot or cold.

Its habit is invariably single:
A pack of nooks would be an unco sight.
It may, when strengthened by the prefix *ingle*,
Yield old-world comfort on a winter's night.

It must be proof against the great world's welter,
Safe harbour where the driven heart may lodge:
Its basic purpose is, in brief, to shelter
What it contains from what it wants to dodge.

It would not do behind the Iron Curtain,
Where wish for solitude must not be felt.
Its etymology is far from certain:
The sound is Saxon but the sense is Celt.

Birds need it for oviparous gestation;
The luckless lover for a place to pine;
The spiv for notes of small denomination;
And I for peace to pen the lyric line.
P. M. HUBBARD

Festival Invitation to Readers

WOULD you care to see the Punch Room and its famous Table, which will be on view—for the first time since 1934—throughout the summer? If so, please call at the Punch Office, 10 Bouverie Street, E.C.4., on any WEDNESDAY, THURSDAY or FRIDAY (from to-day, July 4) between the hours of 10 A.M. and 5 P.M.

You will also be shown a special Exhibition of original drawings that have appeared recently in *Punch*, including coloured originals for the "Festival" number—together with photographs of leading contemporary artists and writers and other "curiosities" of interest to this paper and, we hope, its readers.

Bouverie Street is a turning off Fleet Street, about half-way down on the south side. There is no charge for admission. All you have to do is to get there—we shall be very glad to see you.



IMPRESSIONS OF PARLIAMENT



Monday, June 25th

The technical proceedings of the House of Commons provide a never-failing source of mystification for most occupants of the Strangers' Galleries, and to-day's must have been more surprising than usual.

For the drama of the day was played almost exclusively behind the scenes. All that the public saw was a hurrying to and fro and anxious faces on the Government side of the House. All that could be sensed from the Galleries (the omniscient Press Gallery excepted) was a mounting and puzzling tension.

Mr. RICHARD STOKES, the Lord Privy Seal, moved the Second Reading of a Bill to meet the over-spending there had been on the Festival of Britain Fun Fair—something like £1 million. He explained that the estimated spending was now almost £2½ millions, against the original estimate of £1 million or so, and added with the assurance of a conjurer that he "had nothing to conceal."

Mr. DUNCAN SANDYS, opening the Opposition case, clearly implied that the story was, if anything, worse than it looked, and that Ministers were to blame for everything—even if it *had* rained during the winter.

After a short debate Mr. STOKES rose again and, in his breeziest and most unconventional tones and phrases (which are very breezy and unconventional indeed), dealt with the criticisms. He spoke of the dangers of Governments "meddling about in fun fairs," and of the undesirability of Foreign Secretaries "dribbling about in trivial matters." And he added ("Goodness gracious me!") that it was "no good bleating over spilt milk—especially when you can pick up most of the milk if you wish to." He did not explain *how* this difficult feat might be accomplished.

But he said that, in the unusual set-up of the Fun Fair organization, it was "extremely difficult to arrive at any real conclusion as to *who* did *what*"—which most Members accepted as a fair summing-up of the position.

While the Minister was speaking Mr. WILLIE WHITELEY, the Government Chief Whip, was hurrying briskly in and out, and some of his assistants scudded about the House apparently counting heads—especially Opposition heads. Another Whip stood at the end of the



Impressions of Parliamentarians

Mr. Hopkin Morris (Carmarthen)

Chamber totting up heads on the Government side—and apparently it gave him no comfort. There was an awkward pause when Mr. STOKES sat down at 7.4. Then Mr. LESLIE HALE, one of the most versatile of the Government's supporters, leapt up to speak. And, for once, the Government Whips did not seem to mind someone on their own side speaking.

The hands of the clock crept round the dial. . . .

No sooner had Mr. HALE sat down than Mr. JIMMY HUDSON, staunchest of pro-Government teetotalers, was up with the somewhat startling statement that while he had no personal experience of a "hangover" he could "very well" guess what it was like! Explaining to the bewildered House that someone—"way back in the debate—had used the word "hangover," he proceeded to claim, *forte-fortissimo*, that the Festival of Britain was a roaring success.

At that point someone handed him a fragment of paper, and he ceased speaking like a switched-off gramophone. And, at 7.34, the vote was taken. Result: For the Government 235; against, 228—Government majority, 7. There was a strangled cheer of relief from the Government side, a slightly sheepish collective grin from the Opposition.

What had happened? For once the Government Whips had misread the position and had failed to gather their followers, with the result that, at the appointed voting time of 7 o'clock, the Government was in a minority. Hence the unwonted demand for the expression of back-bench opinion—and the sighs of relief when, with the aid of three Liberals and many telephone calls to bring up reinforcements, a majority of seven was achieved—34 minutes late.

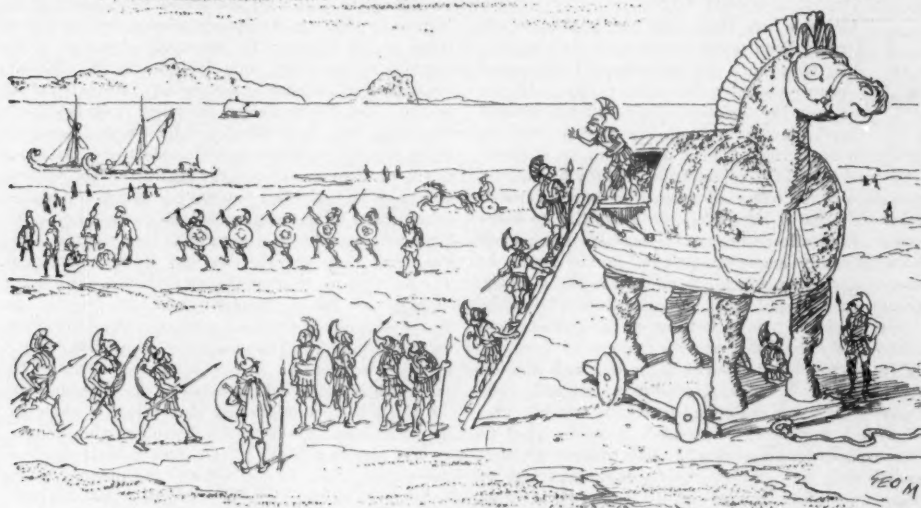
Earlier Mr. MORRISON had welcomed (a trifle cautiously and sceptically) the apparent willingness of the Soviet Government to sponsor a move to end the fighting in Korea.

Tuesday, June 26th

The atmosphere of distant African jungles came to the House of Commons to-day—not, indeed, the temperature, for it was chilly, but the talk of Paramount Chiefs, of Kgotlas, of banishment, of the Voice of the Tribe.

The House was discussing the banishment of Tshekedi Khama, once Regent of the Bamangwato, in Bechuanaland, and Mr. CLEMENT DAVIES, in a moving and eloquent speech, demanded the rescinding of the Government's order of banishment. It was, said he, out of accord with British ideas of justice, especially when it was remembered that no crime or misconduct was charged against Tshekedi—who sat silently in a gallery. Mr. DAVIES held the crowded House through a long and detailed presentation of his case in

House of Commons:
The Great Kgotla



"Only five standing."

what must rank as one of the most powerful Parliamentary performances for many years.

Mr. ALAN LENNOX-BOYD added a few facts, contending that the Government in Whitehall had thought too much of administrative expediency, too little of justice.

Mr. PATRICK GORDON-WALKER, as the Minister responsible, made his case quietly and reasonably, and without the encouragement of a friendly "tribe" behind him. (There had been an acid meeting of the Government's supporters a few hours earlier.)

But, with all the dignity of a Paramount Chief on his Stool of State, the Secretary of State painstakingly presented the story of internecine trouble in the Royal House of the far-off Bamangwato, of the taking of sides by the tribesmen, of threats—or hints—that there would be serious developments if Tshekedi returned, for, said Mr. G.-W., he was not universally popular.

However, the tribe should have another opportunity to review their attitude, at a Kgotla, with two or

three Members of the House to see fair play. This concession seemed to appease the rebel tribesmen on the Government benches, and the debate went on quietly. Mr. HOPKIN MORRIS, winding up for the Liberals, made an impassioned appeal for that somewhat neglected commodity Personal Freedom, which he prized above all other precious possessions.

The division brought the unusual spectacle of a group of Tories revolting against the Whips and refusing to vote, with the result that the Government won by 21 votes—300 to 279. Tshekedi shrugged resignedly. The Great Kgotla was ended.

Earlier Mr. MORRISON had announced that, the situation in Persia having developed seriously, the cruiser *Mauritius* had been sent to Abadan, where it would be ready, if necessary, to protect British subjects.

Mr. J. B. HYND, a former Minister, drew attention (seemingly with satisfaction) to the fact that the announcement earned few cheers on the Government side of the

House—but a fellow-Labour Member promptly announced that most of his colleagues *did* approve the step to defend in their hour of peril the men who served the Oil Company.

It was announced that London's blitzed Queen's Hall, home of music for generations, was to be rebuilt at a cost of more than a million pounds. But *when*—well, that was another matter. The mere announcement cheered a somewhat jaded House.

Wednesday, June 27th

When Mr. MORRISON made another brief statement on Persia to-day Mr. CHUR-

CHILL, referring to the position as a "critical situation," asked the Prime Minister to meet him, Mr. EDEN and Lord SALISBURY, to talk about the whole affair. Certainly, said Mr. ATTLEE.

When Mr. ARTHUR HENDERSON, the Air Minister, spoke of "*nugatory expenditure*," there was a yell of anger. "I got it," said Mr. H., gently, "from the report of a Select Committee!" Silence reigned.

BOOKING OFFICE

André Gide

THE sole art that suits me is that which, rising from unrest, tends towards serenity." In Gide both the serenity and the unrest were personal rather than cosmic. On the whole, his anxieties were peculiar to himself, and his efforts to find universal forces of disruption in the tensions set up in him by religious, family and sexual difficulties failed, mainly because his experience of life remained narrow, despite his frantic efforts to widen it by travel and by getting to know people better. He had several intense friendships but few satisfactory acquaintanceships, and although he was an inspired teacher his teaching was based on the example of a special case. A *conte philosophique* like "L'Immoraliste" is alive because of the subtlety and novelty of the argument and the elegance of the style, while the people are taken from his own limited experience and the incidents seem manufactured. Gide adapted myths and recounted travels to provide himself with a framework of scenes. When he tried to invent completely he became fantastic without suspending disbelief. He mentions sadly the common view of him as a critic lacking creative power, and perhaps his constant reading of novels, his admiration for Simenon and Dashiell Hammett and Steinbeck, were due to a recognition that he could never do what he most wanted, become a professional novelist.

The fourth volume of Professor Justin O'Brien's translation of Gide's *Journals* (1939-'49) covers the war, defeat and the beginning of reconstruction. It shows

his efforts to join with his fellow Frenchmen in the historic experiences they were suffering and his shamed relief at his failure. To praise the *Journals* at the expense of the tales may be a little like Arnold's exaltation of Shelley's letters and essays over his poetry. Yet the impression that they make is so overwhelming, the gain in clarity and force with the removal of the veil of narrative so considerable, that it is difficult to accept them merely as throwing light on the development of a philosophical novelist and not as the highest achievement of an autobiographical essayist and critic. They will appeal to a wider public than the rest of his work and they provide the best introduction to it. The mixture of self-examination, religious meditation, comment on books, literary gossip and great events viewed wistfully from the wings gives them a tremendous variety of interest. They are also a magnificent feat of sustained advocacy. Even when one is aware of the art which is being concentrated on one's enticement, the pleasure of surrendering to the lure is exquisite. By the end, one has become a disciple and a partisan.

The picture of Vichy France from inside is vivid and instructive. Seen from England, the obvious course for every Frenchman was to support General de Gaulle immediately France was defeated. It was not so simple for a man on the spot, especially for an elderly man to whom the causes of defeat had long been an object of attack and to whom defeat itself might temporarily appear as a necessary step in regeneration. Gide wavered: after he had gone to North Africa he bravely published the pages of his *Journal* that reflected his wavering, where a less toughly honest man would have suppressed them. It is by his honesty that Gide has gained the respect of many who hate his conclusions.

Mr. George Painter's *André Gide: A Critical and Biographical Study* is very well done indeed. Mr. Painter is an enthusiast, one of the young men for whom Gide's gospel was a liberation. So many of the books on Gide have been hostile that hero-worship is a healthy change. Mr. Painter claims that at the time of his death Gide was the greatest living writer. At any rate, the award of the Nobel Prize to him was generally approved on purely literary grounds, though his old opponents were still careful to distinguish his style from his views. Mr. Painter provides a useful account of Gide's life, helpful summaries of his books and as clear a guide as is possible to the development of his thought. He realizes how much Gide's "tacking," his effort to make each book balance the tendency of the one before, makes such tidying up misleading. Gide was always testing his conclusions and varying his lessons. He was not concerned with imposing a complete and consistent body of doctrine but with lightly guiding his readers' own exploration of the moral world. For many this survey of the whole field will be helpful, and they will be loyal to Mr. Painter's intention if they subsequently discard his synthesis for their own.

R. G. G. PRICE



"Those musbrooms would have poisoned him anyway."

The River Tradition

If the Festival of Britain were to do nothing but make the average Londoner more aware of his River it would still have gone a considerable way towards justifying its existence. Those who are sufficiently aroused by this awareness to wish to explore the unknown regions east of Aldgate Pump could ask for no better cicerone than Mr. H. M. Tomlinson, whose *London River* now makes a timely and welcome reappearance, revised and with additional chapters, and accompanied by some admirable photographs by the author's son of waterside scenes, some vanished, some happily surviving. Mr. Tomlinson is not greatly concerned with the material aspects of London's river and London's trade; "what of lasting value (he asks) ever came out of cent per cent?" What matters to him is the spirit of the river, that spirit, that tradition, which runs—like the ancient river itself—through the whole course of its history from Boadicea to the Blitz; and about it he has written a beautiful and inspiring book, better, if anything, than its original form. And to say that is to say a good deal.

C. F. S.

A German on the Germans

Since Count Kurt Blücher's famous ancestor arrived late at Waterloo Europe has tried to *Know Your Germans* with little success. Count Blücher believes the Germans are "a race of political genius-worshippers" whose path led "from 'Blood and Iron,' through the 'Will to Power,' to the gas-chambers of Auschwitz." He must nevertheless know that this is but a half-told tale. German history did not begin with Bismarck. Without the "Will to Power" and "Blood and Iron" methods of Hermann von Salza and his Teutonic Knights seven centuries ago, and of Frederick the Great more recently, Bismarck's no less than Hitler's Reich would have been impossible of achievement. Count Blücher certainly knows his Germans and fearlessly castigates them for their lack of political understanding. Moreover, he goes to the root of the trouble when he writes that what matters to Germans to-day as yesterday is not "where the Germans were marching but that they were marching." And for "were" read "are."

I. F. D. M.

Persian Commentary

It is ironic that Mrs. Olive Suratgar's gossipy impressions of Persia, obviously written at least a year ago, should have appeared at a moment when the menace of the oil question tends to render flippancy inadequate. However, the basic intentions of *I Sing in the Wilderness* are plainly serious. A teacher by profession, brought up in Yorkshire, Mrs. Suratgar went out to Persia to marry a poet and scholar. Inevitably the first part of her book deals with her life in Teheran. After two shocked years she emerged a Persian subject with admiration for her adopted country and respect for the late Shah Reza—feelings which tend to gloss

over the terrible corruption of the state and which ignore Southern Persia altogether. But for all Mrs. Suratgar's white-washing—essential if one still wishes to live in Persia, for the State is highly sensitive to criticism—she gives a good account of the educational facilities, the growth of the Army, the Press, the social life, and the all too slow emancipation of the women.

R. K.

Memoirs of Fox-hunting Men

What have the following in common—Lord North, Gaston de Foix, Dame Juliana Berners, Charles Kingsley, Theodore Roosevelt, Anthony Trollope, John Leech, John Masefield, George Stubbs, Horace Annesley Vachell, George Tattersall, Sir Alfred Munnings and Nat Gould? Why, that they are all "sporting authors" and have their niche in the vast and luxurious volume *British and American Sporting Authors*. All told, nearly four hundred of these arm-chair huntmen ("sport" here is narrowed down to "the turf" and "the chase") are included and each one is the subject of a short biographical sketch or note. We learn that the Poet Laureate had never seen the Grand National, nor even a steeplechase, when he wrote "his second sporting poem, 'Right Royal'"; that Nat Gould was born in Manchester "in 1857—the year



"Pshaw, it's evaporated!"

of the Indian Mutiny"; that Sir Alfred Munnings' picture "City and Suburban Day, Epsom Downs" was "purchased by the Chancery (sic) Bequest and now hangs in the Tate Gallery," and many other interesting and surprising facts. Mr. A. Henry Higginson's book will no doubt please many people who follow hounds and horses, but it would be more acceptable, surely, in a shorter, cheaper and more carefully-groomed edition.

A. B. H.

A Wine-lover's Rambles

Mr. H. Warner Allen is as much at home in literature as he is in the cellar, and part of the pleasure of *A Contemplation of Wine* lies in his ironic examination of the way writers have maltreated the grape. Keats' "Let the red wine within the goblet boil, Cold as a bubbling well" is poorly marked, and so is Browning's Bishop who iced his claret; nor does Poe pass in the matter of sherry. These delightful essays, in which Mr. Warner Allen wanders with an evocative corkscrew through books and vineyards and his own enviable memories, have much to tell us about the æsthetic approach to wine; some, however, lambast with pricking wit the modern calorie ramp, the murder of our noblest cheeses, the barbaric notion that science can mass-produce great vintages, and the genius at the Ministry of Food who objected to the label "Bristol Milk" because sherry, he had discovered, does not come from cows.

E. O. D. K.

"Drawing is Exploration"

It would be entertaining to publish a defence of representational art: beginning from the side of the patron who (as Browning said) learns to love things, hitherto unnoticed, when he sees them painted. Of



the artist's point of view you will learn more than usual from Mr. Robert Gibbings' latest Irish tour—not only from its strikingly accurate and decorative wood-engravings but also from such of the author's own asides as the delightfully Ruskinian passage on Irish rushes and Venetian ironwork. *Sweet Cork of Thee* is a happily misleading title. Mr. Gibbings buys a Ford van in that opulent city; and thus rendered independent of the hard beds of rural Ireland explores the South, from Fermoy on the East to Dingle on the West. Gougane Barra is his headquarters; and his itinerary includes an island or two. A sheep-shearing tea, which arrives, bottled hot, in three pairs of woollen stockings on a girl's shoulders, is perhaps the most resourceful of the countryside's countless hospitable gestures.

H. P. E.

Crime Against Age

Miss Anne Meredith has a macabre gift for portraying crime of a particularly horrible sort: she has shown us baby-farming at its worst, and now, in *A Fig for Virtue*, we see inside a nursing home for the poor and unwanted old who live in fear of "the House," for the time is somewhere in the 1880's. To this scene of cold cruelty, and ultimately murder, comes her heroine Sophia Shaw, illegitimate offspring of a great but hapless love, who, left penniless and homeless, works there as a servant and, by her beauty and kindness, brings a gleam of light into its dark. For the reader, perhaps, she is not so attractive, a too composed young lady, and too careless of the feelings of people who show her extraordinary goodness, but in spite of that it is pleasant to see her story ending happily, after a fashion which all well-trained readers of fiction will have expected from the first.

B. E. S.

Books Reviewed Above

- The Journals of André Gide.* Translated by Justin O'Brien. (Secker and Warburg, 35/-)
André Gide. George Painter. (Arthur Barker, 8/6)
London River. H. M. Tomlinson. (Casell, 22/6)
Know Your Germans. Count Kurt Blücher. Translated by Lord Sudley. (Chapman and Hall, 12/6)
I Sing in the Wilderness. Olive Suratgar. (Edward Stanford, 12/6)
British and American Sporting Authors. A. Henry Higginson. (Hutchinson, 30/-)
A Contemplation of Wine. H. Warner Allen. (Michael Joseph, 12/6)
Sweet Cork of Thee. Robert Gibbings. (J. M. Dent, 16/-)
A Fig for Virtue. Anne Meredith. (Faber, 10/6)

Other Recommended Books

- A Seat at the Cinema.* Roger Manvell. (Evans, 12/6)
 Explanatory and reflective book about films, how they are made, their aims and their social effects. Incidental biographies of famous film-makers, illustrative extracts from scripts of famous films, many technical behind-the-scenes photographs. Sensible and valuable.
The Long Divorce. Edmund Crispin. (Gollancz, 9/6)
 Solid workmanship in the older tradition of English whodunit. More like late Josephine Bell than early Crispin. Forget the author and enjoy the puzzle.
The Bride Regrets. Marjorie Carleton. (Michael Joseph, 9/6)
 An "atmosphere" story about a young heiress who married a habitual wife-murderer. No mystery, but suspense in plenty.

FILM TEST

I PUT down my pick and began to comb my hair. The foreman glared at me. "What's the matter?"

I pointed to the crowd of people who had collected. "Audience," I said. "Don't want to look untidy."

The foreman said "If you're on this gang, start digging. If you'd rather be a ruddy film star, shunt off."

I picked up my coat. "I'd rather be a film star," I said.

Up in town I met Nicko. He gave me the address of an agent who was looking for some bow-legged runners. I found the agent in his office. He was a bald man with a large stomach.

I said "I hear you want some bow-legged runners."

He looked down at my legs.

"Can you run?" he asked.

He told me it was a boxing film starring Randolph Turpin, and sent me down to see the director. He gave me a card of introduction on which he wrote:

*For Randolph Turpin Film
Bow-legged runner.*

The director was thin and looked worried. He had been so many years in the film business he was worried. He looked at me, then at the card.

"That agent's got it all wrong," he said. "I asked for Bow Street runners. This is a film about Dick Turpin."

He tore a piece off the card and put it in his mouth. "Can you ride?" he asked, chewing.

"Ex-T.T. man," I told him.

"I mean a horse."

"Sure," I said. "When I was a kid on Margate sands . . ."

"Those were donkeys," he said.

"You'd better come and do a test. We'll send for you."

The test was held in a field a couple of weeks later. Besides me, there were a lot of other people who wanted to be film stars. A groom showed me how to put my foot in the stirrup and helped me on to the horse. It was very high up. He gave me a leather strap to hold and said "Grip with your knees."

The horses walked round the field, then trotted, then galloped.



"Hold tight—there's a nasty corner coming."

I held the leather strap and gripped with my knees. The director began weeding people out. He made the rest of us jump over a hedge and then over a stream. Some fell into the hedge, others into the water. In the end there were only two of us left. They poured petrol on to the hedge and set it alight. The director asked us to jump over the fire. The other fellow didn't want to be a film star very much and refused. My trousers caught fire, but I soon put them out.

While they were putting ointment on my hands the director came up.

"That's splendid," he said. "Absolutely splendid! Now I want you to gallop under that tree over there—the one with the overhanging branch, and grasp the branch as you pass beneath it. Then pull yourself up into the tree. Do you think you can do that?"

"Easy," I said.

Well, it wasn't as difficult as all

that, but the director was enthusiastic. He said he had really enjoyed watching me. He thanked me, shook hands and got into his car.

"Just a minute," I said. "When do I start work?"

"What work?"

"This film."

"Oh, that. I'm sorry, old chap, I forgot to tell you. You're too short."

"Too short?" I said. "Well, what about giving me a taller horse?"

"No. Bow Street runners were sort of policemen, you see, and policemen have to be tall. There are some coachmen, though. Can you drive a coach and six?"

"Sure."

"You'd better come down and do a test. We'll send for you."

I'm still waiting to be sent for. I don't suppose there's much to driving a coach and six. Just a matter of holding the straps and gripping with the knees.

CLOTHES FOR THE CHORES

MANY of us husbands in the 1950-51 class now being called to the chores under the Revised Estimates of Domestic Duties (Married Men's Section) will be glad to know that the rather silly and old-fashioned restrictions in dress have been lifted and we are now to be allowed to wear practically what we like about the house.

While the older married man may shake a head at some of the innovations, there is no doubt that the majority of us will go about our household tasks, if not actually in unison with Housewives' Choice, at least with a new sense of self respect.

Bathing the children has always presented the father with a problem. Most husbands find the ordinary apron of little value, since the splashes and waves generally are not confined to the area covered by the apron. Now, however, a new waterproof suit is on the market, with a head-dress not unlike a deep-sea diver's helmet, so that, however stormy the proceedings, the wearer is able to protect at least the more vulnerable parts of the clothing, and the face, from saturation. A pair of rough skinned gloves is provided with the suit for those of us who have difficulty in finding the soap in the depths of the bath.

For the man who has to clean up the floor of the sitting-room after the children have gone to bed, knee-pads, similar to small cricketer's

pads, are probably the latest thing. They are indispensable for scraping about under settees.

One of the chief problems of the younger, or "No-darling-I'll-do-it," husband is what to wear when taking the pram downstairs in the morning to the front door. A special flipper-like contrivance, resembling the "fins" of the frogman, and designed particularly to grip the sides of the stairs securely—thus removing the feeling that the pram is about to bound down the last flight by itself—is recommended. And a kind of parachutist's tunic with straps capable of being adjusted to the handle of the pram allows the wearer to sit down quickly without actually losing control.

Answering the front door during the washing up has always been a source of embarrassment to the man who prides himself on his

personal appearance during the morning. What will undoubtedly prove very popular is the reversible apron—an imaginative little garment, apron one side, knitted waistcoat the other, that can easily be adjusted between sink and door.

An increasing number of men's magazines to-day are devoting space to cut-out patterns for the husband who has to make the housekeeping money go as far as possible, and who can only sigh and window-shop when thinking of the more expensive house-jackets. Thus, when the children have been retired for the night, and the ironing is done, he is a far-seeing husband who is not above running off on the sewing machine one of these little trifles which make the bringing up of the morning tea just a little more dignified, and the coal-carrying just a little less hard on the flannel suit.

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One ball remained before they drew the sticks,
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I hit a six.

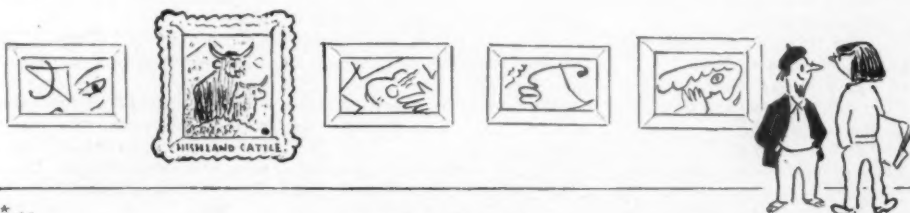
I may drop catches and I may drop bricks,
I may be stupid and I may be slow,

The sort of person whom a captain picks
From sheer compassion once a month or so:

But cease your cavil, prate no more of snicks;
With or without a boundary overthrow,

I HIT A SIX.

M. H. LONGSON



"I've sold one!"

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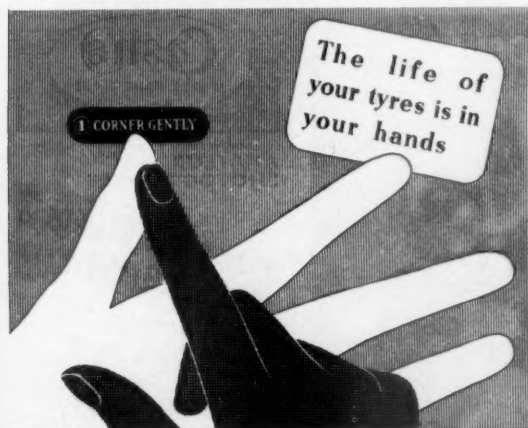
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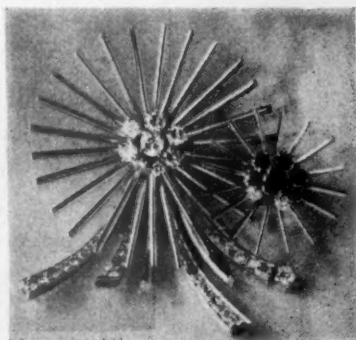
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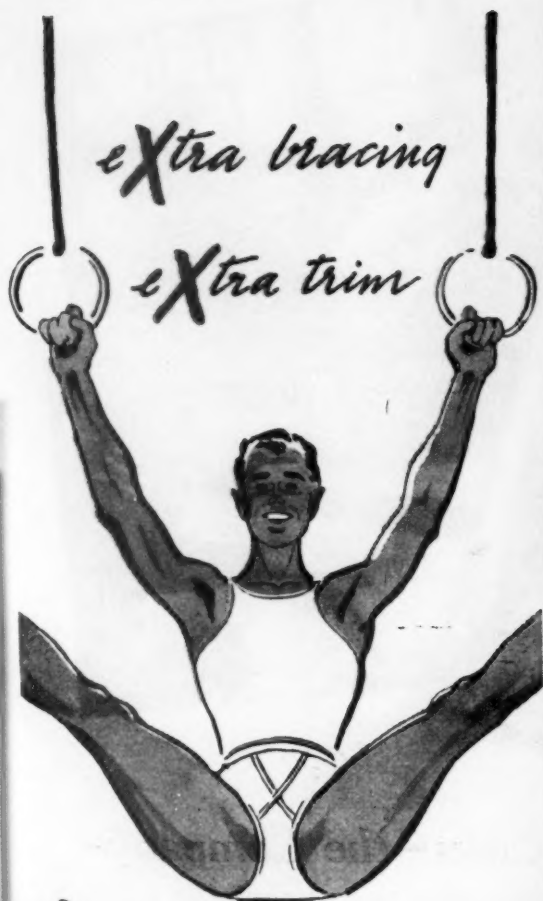
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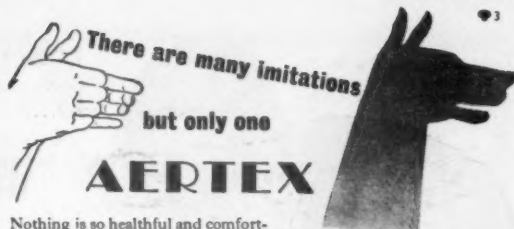
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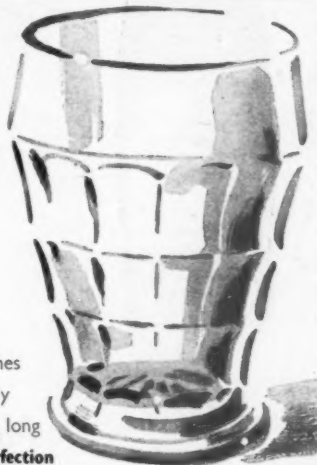
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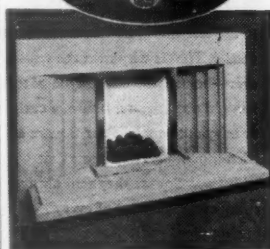


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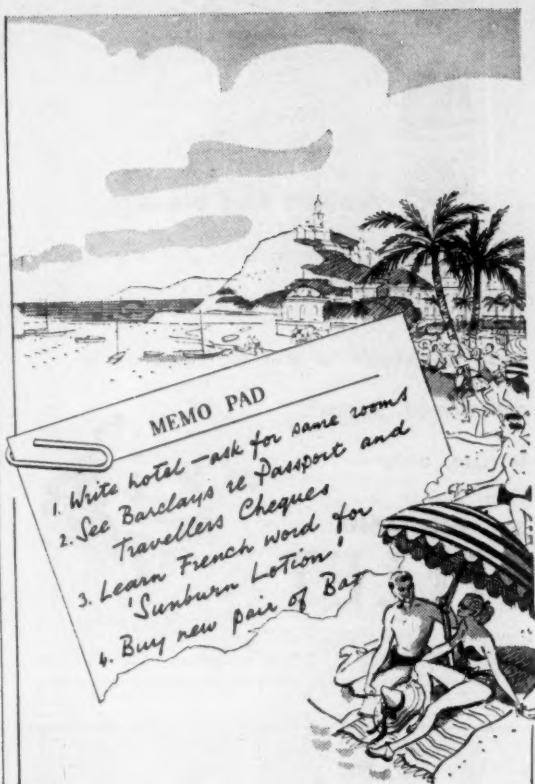
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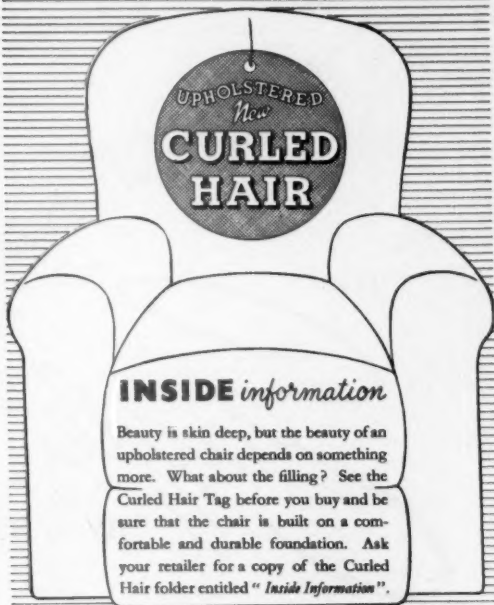
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